

Mary's on Saturday, February 15, 1997. In addition to his pastoral duties, Father George is a faculty member at Madonna University and is on the board of directors of many Michigan community service organizations.

Father George's life has been filled with many wonderful events. Born in Hama, Syria, he came to the United States at the age of 20. He married his lovely wife Nina weeks before his ordination. One week after his ordination, Father George was assigned to St. Mary's, a brandnew parish without land and a church. In the following years, the couple arranged for the purchase of land in Livonia and the construction of the church. The process culminated in the joyous first Sunday of Great Lent in 1976, when Father George celebrated the first divine liturgy in the new building. The church was formally dedicated on May 1, 1977 by the Most Reverend Metropolitan Philip, Primate of the Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America.

For Father George, devotion to his family has always come hand in hand with his religious dedication. He has been blessed with four wonderful children: Lila Ann, Alex George, Alexa Marie, and Christa Katherine. Despite his busy family and liturgical schedule, Father George managed to find the time to pursue scholastic endeavors as well. He earned a bachelor of science degree in sociology and psychology from Eastern Michigan University; a master of theological studies degree from St. John's Provincial Seminary; and a doctor of ministries in pastoral counseling from the Graduate Theological Foundation in Notre Dame, IN.

As Father George's family has grown and prospered, so has his parish community. In 1980, St. Mary's added six Sunday school classes in the fellowship building and a new social hall. The groundbreaking for St. Mary's Cultural Center was presided over by Metropolitan Philip on May 8, 1988. The Cultural Center was completed in 1991, and dedication ceremonies were held later that year, again under Metropolitan Phillip. The success of the 2,000-family parish was made most evident in June 1995, when St. Mary's hosted the 48th annual midwest parish life conference.

Father George has always been known as a man with great strength of character. That strength was severely tested on April 5, 1996, when St. Mary's was consumed by fire. The fire could not have come at a worse time—it occurred right in the middle of Holy Week. It was a major blow to the parish, but Father George responded fantastically. He moved services to St. Michael Russian Orthodox Church and immediately began arranging for repairs. Thanks to Father George's hard work and dedication, parishioners were able to return to St. Mary's on October 6, 1996. And the work wasn't limited to restoration. Plans are now underway to build a new chapel and a K through 8 private school.

I have had the pleasure of personally knowing Father George for many years. During that time I have sought his spiritual advice and guidance. His pastoral, scholastic, and fatherly attributes are evident in everything he does. The State of Michigan is very lucky to have Father George amongst its citizens, and all Americans should be very proud of his accomplishments. Congratulations, Father George, on 25 years of success, dedication, and love. I would like to conclude by offering my hope that the next 25 years are just as blessed and fruitful as the previous 25 have been.●

NOMINATION OF SEVEN MASSACHUSETTS PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR RECOGNITION AS BLUE RIBBON SCHOOLS

● Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, I commend the attention of my colleagues in the Senate to seven public elementary schools in my home State of Massachusetts which have been nominated for recognition as Blue Ribbon Schools.

This week, in his State of the Union Address, President Clinton called on us to make education the first priority of this Nation, as we enter the 21st century. I could not agree more.

Fortunately, as I have traveled throughout Massachusetts in the last few years, and particularly last year, it has been very apparent to me that many communities have already taken on the President's challenge. In scores of neighborhoods throughout the Commonwealth, parents, schoolchildren, teachers, principals, and community volunteers are working with infectious enthusiasm to make their schools the best in the world.

Each of the seven schools which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has nominated for the Blue Ribbon Schools Award this year has demonstrated that we can achieve high standards in education in this country, and that we can make good public schools a fundamental building block of strong, vibrant communities.

The seven schools are located in communities all over Massachusetts, and represent Massachusetts in all its diversity: the Mason Elementary School in Boston; the Blanchard Memorial School in Boxborough; the Emerson Elementary School in Malden; the Tisbury School on Martha's Vineyard; the Johnson Elementary School in Natick; the Steward Elementary School in Topsfield; and the Jacob Hiatt Magnet School in Worcester.

Each school has embraced high standards and welcomed innovation in teaching; but, more important, each has brought parents, teachers, schoolchildren and the community together to make school an exciting place where children can learn, want to learn, and do learn.

The U.S. Blue Ribbon Schools Review Panel will make its decision on the winners of this year's Blue Ribbon

Schools Award in a matter of weeks. Regardless of the decision, we in Massachusetts are proud of our nominees. They have established themselves as leaders, and I am confident that many other Massachusetts schools will follow in their path of excellence.●

REMEMBERING ALBERT WOHLSTETTER

● Mr. KYL. Mr. President, on January 10, 1997, Albert Wohlstetter passed away. His death is a great loss—not only to his family and friends—but to our Nation, which has benefited over many decades from his intellectual brilliance, vision, and moral clarity.

For more than 40 years, Albert Wohlstetter was involved in all aspects of U.S. national security policy. Presidents, from Truman to Bush, profited from his analysis of major defense and foreign policy issues. What students of strategic policy, what policymakers in the Pentagon have not read, "The Delicate Balance of Power"—and been awed by his penetrating insight? It speaks to his extraordinary, visionary intellect that he influenced so many from outside the beltway. Albert never joined any administration; he was never willing to take a position that may require compromise between truth and the demands of politics.

As we approach the next century and the challenges it brings, we should keep in mind that Albert Wohlstetter was one of the staunchest champions of "peace through strength"—before the term became popular during the Reagan administration. Albert cautioned against the folly of seeking security in arms control agreements, and advocated placing our trust in America's military strength and technological ingenuity.

As we look back on his article, "Spreading the Bomb Without Quite Breaking the Rules," we can see so clearly that Albert was also ahead of his time—recognizing in the mid-1970's that the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty's peaceful nuclear cooperation provisions would fuel the proliferation of nuclear technology. As a result, America, our friends and allies are faced today with a growing number of countries who possess or are on the way to possessing, nuclear weapons.

Whether he was analyzing strategic issues or unveiling the hypocrisy of Western policies in Bosnia and Herzegovina, one could be sure of two things: Albert Wohlstetter was intellectually honest and thoroughly principled. For 4 long years, in countless articles, Albert reminded our leaders that with America's superpower status came not only vast military strength, but immense moral responsibility—and for those reasons, allowing a small nation in the center of Europe to become the victim of genocide was unconscionable.

Mr. President, I have barely scratched the surface of Albert

Wohlstetter's tremendous contributions to our Nation. I ask that the eulogy given by Richard Perle, former Assistant Secretary of Defense, be printed in the RECORD.

The eulogy follows:

ALBERT WOHLSTETTER, 1913-1997

(By Richard Perle)

Not long before he died, Albert amused himself and—anyone who would listen—by reading a poem by Wallace Stevens called *Six Significant Landscapes*. Joan and Roberta thought I should read it here. And when they faxed it to me in Washington, I knew why: you can't hear this short poem without thinking about Albert, without seeing, in your mind's eye, that wonderful, warm, engaging smile which, prompted by a recollection or an idea or a phrase, would fill a room. So here it is, *Landscape Six*:

Rationalists, wearing square hats
Think, in square rooms,
Looking at the floor,
Looking at the ceiling.
They confine themselves
To right-angled triangles,
If they tried rhomboids,
Cones, waving lines, ellipses—
As, for example, the ellipse of the half-moon—
Rationalists would wear sombreros.

Had I'd known the poem, or read it before telling a New York Times reporter on Sunday that Albert was a rationalist, I would have added that he was a rationalist who wore a sombrero. Because if there is one thing Albert never did, it was to wear square hats or confine himself to right-angles. Albert, in fact, never confined himself, period. His vision was wholly original, never conventional. And it was vast. Whether the subject was the design of strategic forces or the future of technology or the inadequacy of treaties and agreements or the implications of new systems of communication, or income distribution as a function of race or nuclear proliferation or the impact of topography on the stability of peace in Bosnia, Albert saw old issues in new lights—and new issues before anyone else.

Albert's refusal to accept the conventional wisdom on any subject fueled his unrelenting drive to comprehend, to know, to learn, to understand. Thus he spent a lifetime searching for evidence, digging for facts, unearthing details. His appetite for documents was voracious. Maps, charts, statistics, studies, findings, testimony—he devoured them all, and on every conceivable subject. And thanks to Roberta—a wellspring of warmth, affection, wisdom and such order as could be detected at Woodstock Road—the ever rising flood of material that eventually forced the purchase of a second house, was there when needed.

As so many here know well, Albert's capacity to assemble, analyze and absorb mountains of information was limitless. This was bad news indeed for those square hats who made the mistake of blundering into debates with him: anything they had ever said or done was certain to be dissected and delivered back. It would hit one right between the eyes. Whether in articles or briefings or congressional testimony or professional panels, when Albert set out to make a point, the holders of opposing—especially conventional—views were well advised to take cover. And all the while, over decades of intense debate and controversy, Albert conducted the discussion of public policy with style and wit, with humor and civility and,

above all, with reason and integrity. He was on the front lines in countless battles over public policy for decades. Yet not once, in the nearly 40 years I was privileged to know him, did Albert exhibit even a sliver of the small minded, ill-tempered discourse that so often characterized the debate over issues of strategy. For half a century, the high ground was his.

Albert's scoffing at conventional thinking sometimes had its humorous side. A few years ago, when Leslie and I were visiting at 2805 Woodstock, I watched Sam Tanaka, the Wohlstetter's Japanese gardener, hard at work planting something with great difficulty while muttering a stream of what I suspected were Japanese expletives. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Oh," he said, resignedly, "every year Mr. Wohlstetter makes me plant water chestnuts. Every year I tell him water chestnuts don't grow in southern California. He won't listen. 'Try again,' he tells me. Ten years—no water chestnuts."

Albert's motto might well have been "All the world's a school and all the people in it merely students." For he made students of us all. It didn't take one very long to understand that Albert's towering intelligence and vast knowledge were gifts he felt impelled to share. I was in the eleventh grade at Hollywood High School when I had my first Wohlstetter tutorial, standing by the swimming pool at Woodstock Road. "The Delicate Balance of Terror" had recently appeared in *Foreign Affairs*, and Albert had just completed 80 or 90 classified briefings over many weeks in Washington. What a marvel of precision and compression that article was, and how intricate and subtle was the underlying analysis. I would never have pursued a career in strategic policy without Albert's patient, gentle, generous teaching which began one day in 1958 and continued for 40 wonderful years. And I might be a good deal thinner if Albert had been less successful instructing me in the joys of the *Michelin Guide*.

To those of us who were fortunate enough to be his students, Albert had so very much to teach, not only about his chosen field, but about history and economics and music and art and architecture and food and wine and, for the really smart ones, mathematics and mathematical logic. There was hardly a subject about which Albert did not know a great deal and—invariably what was most important. Above all, he taught us the importance of accuracy and precision. He believed that one earned the right to comment the old fashioned way—by setting and meeting the highest standards of rigor and objectivity.

I won't even attempt to catalogue Albert's extraordinarily rich intellectual legacy. He tackled a succession of vexing, complex issues of public policy from the early days at RAND in the 1950's until his death last Friday. He brought clarity and wisdom to everything he studied. But I do want to say a word about Albert's most recent work concerning Bosnia.

No one worked harder than Albert to make the case for protection and just treatment for the victims of aggression in Bosnia, or to explain the broad implications of a failure to do so. In his eighties, when most men shed burdens rather than acquire them, Albert took upon himself the burden of gathering, analyzing and publishing the facts about the genocide in Bosnia and fitting those facts into the context of western security and values. In his customary manner, he worked tirelessly, night and day, for a distant people about whose plight he came to know everything important. His articles in the *Wall Street Journal* and elsewhere, his advice and

counsel to others, his mobilization of friends, colleagues and students in the Bosnia cause were a wonderful, moving testimony to his sense of rectitude. And his singular effectiveness in shaping the opinion of thoughtful people around the world is a tribute to the power of a great mind hard at work.

As he confronted the nightmare in Bosnia, I was never prouder of my friend and teacher.

In all its depth and richness, Albert's life was in every sense a partnership. He and Roberta taught us all how far beyond the sum of its parts a marriage so whole and complete can reach. Those of us who marveled over the years at their seamless collaboration know that it was no bow to the feminist movement when Ronald Reagan awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom jointly to Albert and Roberta.

Albert had many favorite things, among them a poem by Dylan Thomas. It goes like this:

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into the good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears,
I pray.
Do not go gentle into the good night.
Rage rage against the dying of the light.●

COMMISSION ON STRUCTURAL ALTERNATIVES FOR THE FEDERAL COURTS OF APPEALS—S. 248

● Mrs. FEINSTEIN. Mr. President, on January 30, with my distinguished colleague, HARRY REID, I introduced S. 248, to establish a Commission on Structural Alternatives for the Federal Courts of Appeals. I now ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The text of the bill follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

SECTION 1. ESTABLISHMENT AND FUNCTIONS OF COMMISSION.

(a) ESTABLISHMENT.—There is established a Commission on Structural Alternatives for the Federal Courts of Appeals (hereinafter referred to as the "Commission").

(b) FUNCTIONS.—The functions of the Commission shall be to—

(1) study the present division of the United States into the several judicial circuits;